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A MEMORIAL OF CHARLES SUMNER.

A

DISCOURSE

DELIVERED AT THE

PARKER MEMORIAL MEETING-HOUSE,

TO THE

Twenty-Eighth Congregational Society,

OF BOSTON,

ON SUNDAY, MARCH 15, 1874.

BY

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

BOSTON:

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COCHRANE & SAMPSON, PRINTERS,
No. 9 BROMFIELD STREET.

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Bertram Smith
July 25, 1932

DISCOURSE.

WE are gathered within the shadow of a great national bereavement ; — shall I not say the greatest that the generations of Americans now on the fields of active duty have known or can know ? Not less than this the tribute I am impelled to render him for whom we mourn, when I recollect what he has done for us during thirty years of the most critical struggle through which a nation can pass ; and when I think of his function of standing in the confidence of good men, as their guarantor of an unimpeachable integrity and vigilance in the front of all our public perils ; his name a watchword of their faith in political virtue, in the rights and duties of the citizen, in the destiny of the state. This is the service a republic can least afford to lose ; of this we can never have enough ; and so rare and so grand is it, the slow fruit of such tried fidelity and such martyr virtues, that we almost forget, in our utter inability to replace it, the right it has to be gathered up, when its physical forces have been spent for our good, into the life of spiritual benediction wherein a nation's gratitude must enshrine the virtue that never could deceive its trust.

“ Shall not all good things await
Him who cared not to be great
But as he served or saved the state ? ”

How rounded and finished, like one of his own regal arguments for human rights, was this long and stately career ! What

full deliverance of his divine message ; what equal response of public admiration and love ; what efficiency in every stroke for principles, telling on the civilized world ; what happy fortune, to close his mortal eyes on the crowning steps of justice to the cause his whole life has pursued ! The eloquent voice, whose protest and pleading has made the years of our public trials so grand, is for us, alas ! forever stilled ; but it could commit with its last accents, to a people whose gratitude must surely hasten to fulfill the trust, that charter of civil rights that shall complete his dearest task. His noble ambition to initiate every step in the political evolution of the Anti-slavery Idea, had achieved a success it is no detraction from the claims of other statesmen to say was not far from absolute. This clear sight, somewhat darkened, as it seemed now and then, of late, by the pressure of infirmities incurred and borne in the nation's service, has already won the tribute of a better comprehension of the grounds of its choice ; and Massachusetts rejoices with unspeakable joy to-day that his eyes were cheered by full atonement for her one harsh and hasty censure on his motives and aims. The barbarous blows struck at freedom over his defenseless head did not quench the sacred fire whose work was not yet done. What heroic toil struggled with their burden of martyr-pains, till every effort warned that it was time to rest ! And we who feel how they have reached down through all these years to strike at our hearts in this supreme sorrow can remember also how impotent they were to harm, how potent to serve, the purpose and the fame we love. He had gathered up the long series of his public utterances, the soul of the political history of his time, to their latest revisal, and shaped it to the full realization of Milton's idea, that "a good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up to a life beyond life."

What greater success were possible than this, or in a greater path ? What happier lot than such a record, such a fame ; pass-

ing into the souls of a great people, as they gather, the humblest of them the most bereft, about his silent dust !

But his best achievement is precisely that which makes the keenness of our grief, and fills us with the sense of an irreparable loss. He who shows what a throne of instant power in a throneless land a stainless reputation may be ; he who is a living root within it of that faith in the reality of political virtue which neutralizes the effect of countless treacheries and corruptions, so that citizens can still strive with heart and hope for self-government as the truth of the coming time,—is doing for us every day more than any special cause he pleads. To generate such confidence is the highest form of productive force. And it is the soul of political education to learn how to estimate this supreme form of *credit*, on which all material values rest ; to appreciate it as the sheet-anchor of all public hope ; the enforcer and upholder of every ideal aim.

“Of all loves,” it was said of old, “that is the strongest and divinest which is by cities and states borne to a man for his virtue.” And the purity of our Senator, so conspicuous and so well tried, had become proverbial ; an organic part of the national faith ever springing in our thought and to our lips as a common instinct and accepted fact ; so as ever to recall a record in the history of that Greek virtue he so loved to dwell on ; — that when, in the theatre, Æschylus read his verses on Amphiaras, beginning,

“He would not seem, but *be* the best,”

all eyes turned on Aristides. Here was a great self-esteem that was so at one with self-respect that it became a function of the *public* estimation, and a ground of public faith. And in days when ability to sift out the worship of duty from the worship of self is the rarest of gifts, as it is the most momentous of needs, here was unmistakably the public manhood that could say with Algernon Sidney : — “I will live no longer than my principles will

preserve me. I will not blot my past by providing for my future. I live by just means or not at all." Here, amidst the subservience to public counts and party gauges, to mass and machinery, that is eating like a leprous taint through republican virtue, was the grand self-poise and self-reliance that all men most need to see. Here, amidst the extempore recklessness that degrades American speaking, was a conscientious and respectful labor of preparation that seemed to say with Demosthenes:—"I should be ashamed to throw out what comes uppermost to an assembly like this." Here the scorn of intrigue, the contempt of covers and feints and crooked paths, the utter sincerity, the frank demand for all his conscience craved, the lightning of righteous judgment that could not be stayed and that went straight to the mark, making dark plot and hidden peril a blaze of light before all eyes! What can measure such a loss?

He was the idealist among statesmen, and proved his ideal the only practicable path for the nation. He came, because policies were destroying us; because the disease that corroded us was absence of faith in ideas, in principles, in moral power and in moral penalties. And he came armed for the task of affirming these sovereignties held to have no rights within the political sphere; armed with qualities so accordant with it that they seemed given in him, once for all; a self-sustainment that could dispense with all the appliances on which politicians are wont to rest; an absolutism that was proof against discouragement or opposing will; a power of concentration on his work that protected him from much distraction and waste of time in listening to paltry talk and schemes; a dignity and culture that saved him from those familiar approaches by the coarser kind of politicians that breed entangling policies and the corruptions of personal subservience. He whose speech ran to elaboration and expansion knew how and when to use sharpest brevity, and to all unbecoming application it was enough for him to answer, "It

is illegal," or "It is unjust." An idealist, constituted for a certain isolation which compelled attention and respect; fitted to be the spokesman of a truth and a duty so much beyond the experience of most around him, that it must be uttered from the commanding elevation of a character which they not only could not hope to tamper with, but could not even conceive as walking on the same level with themselves. There are many who will call this "heresy to American democratic ideas." Whatever its heresy, it was necessary, and therefore it came in its hour; and it is justified by its fruits. Nay, that the greatest Idea, which is culture and humanity combined in one, may be fully present on this field of strife, its master shall be as scholastic as he is brave; while his eloquence shall use even a mechanical constructiveness and often common-place minuteness, like a flaming sword that drives every syllable of their logic home to the simplest conscience and mind.

The idealist of liberty, fully armed for her coming conflicts, and strengthening all good faith and purpose from the dear watch-tower of his integrity and vigilance,—this is the power we miss from our front, now in the very cleft of our perilous passage from the consequences of civil war through the fiercer temptations of political corruption. How shall I express the sense of this Dead March in our hearts, this unspeakable loss? I must touch it by contrasts.

The martyrdom of John Brown, entering the deadly breach alone, with his thought, "I can best serve the cause of the slave by dying for it," was not bereavement, but a sign in the heavens. Revealing every man to himself, dividing souls to right and left, dispelling all fictions with the godlike simplicity that fronted the question of liberty or death, it ushered in the new epoch, and forced the corrupt and faltering nation to meet the facts. The martyrdom of Lincoln, in the gulf between physical victory and political reaction, silenced the thanksgivings just parting from

its lips, in bewildered forebodings and awe-stricken prayers. The loss of this trusted leader, loyal where disloyalty would have been destruction, smote away the earth from under its feet. But the wiser minds felt that his work was done—to follow a path he had not known; to fulfill a task he could not plan and knew hardly how to accept; that his mission had been to exhaust every device for reconciling the irreconcilable, till this aim was proved hopeless by his death-blow from that brutal power which regarded his tender lenience as little as it did the strict justice of Garrison and Brown. We learned to be thankful that he was not permitted to fulfill that plan of reconstruction for reinstating the white aristocracy at the ballot-boxes of the South, without negro suffrage, which would most surely have brought us back again to the terrible scenes of the past; thankful, too, for fresh warning of the depth of the old evil root whose bitterness we were yet to taste. So tempered was this bereavement of a good we had not long tasted, nor needed more.

But the death of Charles Sumner, in the midst of great functions which his character and insight best fitted him to advance, which only bodily weakness impeded, and in an hour when the daily spectacle of such purity of life and purpose, such watchfulness for justice, such ample resource, is demanded by most insidious dangers to private and public virtue, opens a void that teaches our saddened hearts how priceless was this constant blessing we have enjoyed so long. 'Tis the supplies of character that count; honor, valor, faith in the best, are the daily food we live by. And what else is confessed by the momentary hush in this Babel of eager calumnies and selfish strifes, when the veiled fate that places us here and drops us out again, without regard to hopes or fears, withdraws the great conscience whose presence was so productive of public confidence and private cheer? The swiftly-renewed applause for material values, the blind subservience to arts of cunning and strokes of power,

which determine so much in the current estimates of national resource, will but make the sense of impoverishment more keen.

But "man's needs are God's opportunity." The perils of the free state are attractions for the inward necessities and laws of freedom. Our great helpers die, and a new leaf seems turned. With every shock of loss we are changed. We cannot recall the mood nor the measure of our past. The sorrows of a short civil war turn us old, and our very memory seems vacant or decayed. The voices we hung on with joyful trust are silent, and the new tongues of a new day have effaced their tones. But how sacredly maintained, after all, is continuity — the sanity of nations as of minds, sacred in human affection, sacred in spiritual progress, in political evolution! These rushing wheels of change bear within themselves, and with us, the soul of all that made them swift messengers of good. The dying statesman commits to this unfailing conservation of all real forces what things he loves dearer than life — obeying the deep presentiment that holds his own part in their fate to be immortal; — his love and reverence to the great living teacher of ideal principles to which the age is moving, and his cherished bill of civil rights to the friendly hands that are most fit and worthy to bear it on. And, whatever of change the one veil we cannot lift may bring to human personality, no visible outward presence could be *more real* than that power *must remain* which has made a memorial of its truth and love in every one of those steps of the nation for the last thirty years which are identified with the life of its sentiment and the movement of its growth.

With what process of present or prospect of future good has not this wide-reaching man associated his career! Was it not his to bring up every broken thread, and see that no rightful step was wanting; that we left no claim of humanity unrecog-

nized, no guaranty for liberties unsecured, no "task unaccepted," no "footpath untrod"? Rights of labor, interests of art and science, guaranties of international justice, all elements of that "Grandeur of Nations" to which his youth had summoned the world, intellectual and moral culture, purification of political life, restraint on executive abuses, constitutional and civil amendment—all are to shine in their courses with the light of this broad statesmanship, open always to catch every whisper of the inspired conscience and humanity of the age. Nor do I believe he would have failed to welcome woman to every sphere, political or social, which she demands to fill. This is no blind admiration. I do not count his political wisdom infallible, nor the spirit in which he met injustice to himself always the highest. His secession from the only political nucleus, which at that moment could save us from a powerful party of reaction, only to form an ill-guarantied combination in its place,—however nobly meant, seemed to me untimely and dangerous. Nor could I wholly sympathize with his impeachment of England, both in respect of much that was asserted and much that was overlooked and left aside. But I doubt not that time will ever more and more fully vindicate in every step of his policy the complete integrity of his aim.

The loss that sends us to our own resources, and disciplines the trust in leaders, even where it is best deserved, with admonitions to self-reliance, is the gain of new energies. It is well for a people that the master-spirit should have but his hour to work in. The lack of his guidance compels that inward freedom which not only opens clearer insight of his purpose, but is itself the citizen's indispensable culture in self-responsibility and self-command. So, only, comes the wisdom that can choose the wise, the liberty that can recognize the free. Through no established mediator can the new duties and demands be read; nor can the new facts be fronted through a leader's eyes. Hence

it is that every day brings its prophets, and that they are never to be foreseen. To the bereaved generations the earth seems verily to go down into the grave with their trusted deliverer ; its countenance is changed ; it is no more a home, but a sepulchre. Yet to-morrow it is green with the wisdom and worth that are no echo of a past name, because they are products of an unprecedented spring. And, though they do not see the present through the traditions of past leaders, they do see those leaders more clearly and lovingly through their own free comprehension of living tasks.

It is too soon to say what we owe to the great life that has passed away. Yet its track lay in lines that are not easily mistaken or overlooked. There are men whose power is in pure thought ; the generators of ideas, speakers to man's inner life, where world reformations begin in a mystic personal devotion to all-mastering intuitions, in the open sense of eternal beauty, truth and good. These our statesman could revere and love ; but his special victories lay not in their sphere. There are men whose power is in clear conscience and unconquerable will to insist on the realization of abstract right. Such were they who aroused the moral sentiment of the land against slavery and held the political world to all the responsibilities involved in the idea of freedom ; to the sacred logic of its duties and rights. The abolitionist drew the idea out of the depths of the soul, guarded its purity, and would not let it be bound by political alternatives, party interests, or respect for statute or constitution. These, too, our statesman honored, knowing well that their strenuous life was behind to upbear, and prompt, and urge him on. But his special sphere was to combine the Idea with definite legislation, to deal with it under the conditions of American politics, and one by one to enact its demands in the constitution and the laws. Thus he interpreted the constitution as essentially in its interest, and I doubt not, honestly. Yet but for the

larger outside protest *against* the constitution, its compromises would have made his work impossible.

Who can fitly review these thirty years of absolute devotion to that race whom he began by pronouncing, with inspired insight, "the humblest, yet the grandest, figure in history"? A loyalty which perceived and accepted the historic law, that postpones art, science, trade, political prosperity and even existence, to answer the cry of the oppressed ; to rescue the waif of ages, taken up, orphan of the human, into the heavenly love. It recognized this puny child, this misshapen dwarf—the crushed faculty, the suppressed race—to be the giant whose body, striving to heave itself out of the dust, overturns civilizations and reconstructs ages ; whose simplicity, prostrate victim of wealth, and race, and religion, is lifted up to be their Saviour and their Judge. It saw that this justice which rules history had come to be the central fact of our age ; a duty enfolded in its demands for rights as the flower in the bud. How thoroughly was his hand its living index and instrument, as fearless as itself and as sure ; pointing its path through mazes of perplexity, of peril, of selfish compromise, of falsehood and of wrath ! Our memories recall the battlefields where he won the blessing of the oppressed and the homage of immortal years. How he turned the curses of the enemy into crowns of liberty ! Texas admission, Nebraska fraud, Kansas barbarism, Crittenden compromise, Seward delusion ; reluctance of the administration to arm the slave, to proclaim his freedom, to allow his capacity ; its effort to supplement or balance emancipation by colonization, so that the servant we had cheated of his wages should be defrauded of his home ; the presidential experiment of reinstating barbarism, silencing freedom of debate, imposing terms of reconstruction by the one-man power ; neglect of payment to the colored troops ; of the nation's duties to the freedmen ; of the rights of the negro race in northern cities, — what heroic front

he made to all these foes ! How sublime that march of victory, which plants immortal growths and honors wherever his footsteps trod ! And I point you to a greater achievement still.

It is not to detract from the respect and gratitude due to President Lincoln that I emphasize the difference of their principles, and note that the one was "Union with or without emancipation, but the Union at all events," and the other, "Salvation of the Union through justice to the slave." Let the memorial monuments say what they may, it was more due to Senator Sumner than to President Lincoln that the Edict of Emancipation came at last ; the fruit of his entreaties, of his undiscouraged, persistent will. What statesmanly wisdom in his initiation of a freedman's bureau ; of a constitutional amendment prohibiting slavery ; in his designation of the status of the rebellion as territorial, and his plan of a territorial government for the South till right relations could be established between the races ; in his refusal to permit an amnesty to conquered traitors till the civil rights of negro loyalists were secured ! Nor can I fail to add his resistance to inflation of a depreciated currency ; to schemes of tampering with the public debt ; to every abuse of executive patronage by appointments that outraged the public sentiment or were purchased by subservience to private schemes ; to all prostitution of official power to the current jobbery and intrigue.

It was his gift to see and his glory to represent that great central law of revolutions which impels them to concentrate about principles, as iron-filings obey the magnet held above them, that points their poles, and shapes their chaos to order and beauty and a common end. It was his to affirm from the start, against the political materialism in which slavery had trained the nation and its leaders, that the anti-slavery idea could by no possibility be the side-issue they believed it to be in this struggle, but was the awful magnet of God's instant law.

His to see and to make plain that, if in political arrangements there shall anywhere lurk a lie against humanity, the progress of the strife will winnow it out as poison, with whatsoever by right adheres to it; and that the statesman's patriotism is to ply this winnowing-fan of God till the mind of the state is made sane and its statutes pure to receive the whole wisdom of liberty and love. Not alone in this purpose, but pre-eminent among the chosen, its recognized centre, its illumined guide, its steadfast beacon to a bewildered land, through the fierce struggle for mastery of her institutions, from its beginning on — not to its close, but to its entrance upon the new epoch which is to try them by the test if there be public virtue to preserve the hard-won safeguards, and unfold their greater meanings for the nation and the world.

But his inestimable service is that he made the place of Senator a matchless example of *fitness to functions, of the right man in the right place*. For we are passing through a time when political office seems to be little else than the opportunity for grasping and distributing personal spoil; when whoso can by any means *get*, believes himself to have the right to *take*, the posts that are pregnant with a people's life or death; when there is greater eagerness to put the mass-power of the ballot into every hand, however venal or debased, than will to see that it be wisely used; when trusted men go down, shirking duties, failing at critical moments, ground between millstones of cunning demagogues, tools of destructive arts — not so much because of evil will, as because out of their true place; when the virtue that is the first test of fitness is scarcely looked at, and the disciplines of experience that should come next are utterly ignored; when hordes of adventurers invade all functions, to play with jugglers' knives over the naked heads of the people; when the very power of discerning qualification for public service is being swept away in mad competitions, and the whirl

of rotation is destroying all motive for preparatory culture and all ground of public trust. Alas, the history of American statesmanship of these past thirty years ! Is it not that sad parable of the guest without a wedding-garment, written out in full — with but here and there an exceptional space, like this wide one we recall to day — even down to the outer darkness of despair ? Sometimes it has seemed the handwriting of doom upon our walls. The fatality of our statesmanship : “ I have called you gods, but ye shall fall and die like one of the people ! ” Has not the bane of the nation been the men that it has itself taken up and put where they do not by grace or by gift belong, to be thrown back on it in some penalty or other of misguided talent and broken faith ? Some Fugitive Slave Bill endorsed ; some “ Fourth-of-March ” sarcasm on justice and the Higher Law ; some reconstruction policy in the interest of rebellion ; some strange deflection of official power into forays of terrorism, and waste, and fraud ; the thumb of powerful personal interest turned this way or that, like the thumbs of the Roman populace, watching wretched gladiators in the Coliseum, to decide by that sign what functionary shall be spared or slain ! There is no root of peril to be compared with our fatal delusion of supposing that office has some magic skill to bring out of its possessor something better than his own character or force ; of forgetting that we must be sternly judged by the weaknesses and vices we have lifted into seats that only statesmanship and virtue know how to fill.

In such hours what a saving ideal have we had in the record that teaches what the post of Senator can be made to mean ! These ample resources of gift and culture, of statesman and scholar in one ; this transcendent sense of public duty ; this stainless virtue ; this transparent singleness of heart and aim ; this mastery of forces for their largest ends ; this dignity that ennobled the seat where a nation’s sovereignty was enthroned ;

this matchless accumulation of means for seconding the broadest ideas of the age ; this minute regard to every private interest and need ; in a word, this grand significance of function and fulfillment, is the treasure the nation assumes to-day. Dearer and holier its sublime rebuke, its severe exaction, its beautiful prompting, its vast historic scope, its inspiration of culture, its spiritual consecration of the political sphere, than any political promise, plan or path to which we can look. As it speaks from the vacant seat that has been his secular post of honor and suffering, and unremitting service, so it speaks from the mighty void now left within the nation's soul, where its work is to be an immortal education in whatever saves and adorns a state. In this hushed moment, when all hearts are made tender by the common bereavement, do we not hear awakening preludes of an undying admiration and love ?

We are entering on that great question of Labor, which is now to be what the Anti-Slavery question has hitherto been, — the school of our politics and trade, our morality and our faith. I hold it no slight part of the public service of Charles Sumner that he has stood, amidst the many narrow and exclusive notions that prevail as to the meaning and scope of labor, and the mischievous efforts of demagogues to create a strife of classes, — the living proof and enforcement of the following truth : It is not in any technical sense the "laboring man" who has sole or special right to public trusts, to control legislation, to stand as productive force, but laboring *manhood, or womanhood, in the higher ideal sense we give those words*, apart from all questions of property or color or occupation. He has shown that a people is not necessarily any wiser for choosing its bobbin boys or tanner-boys or rail-splitters for highest functions than for choosing its men of literary taste and professional culture. A Cincinnatus may well be taken from the fields of toil ; but we had one presidential working-man whose "policy" would have

doomed a toiling race to perpetual degradation. I have seen somewhere the assertion that close relations to the life of laboring men would have made Mr. Sumner a more practical statesman; and that none of the great measures he initiated were finally passed in the form in which he proposed them. But is not this the lot of every one who proposes great measures to the councils of a nation? And is there *any practical power* greater than the insight and the courage to point out the substantial duty of every hour and compel the attention which it demands? Judged by such tests, this was the most practical statesmanship of our day; more democratic than labor itself; more productive, because productive in a higher sense, than manufactories and shops and railroads and farms. Nor can we overestimate the educational value of a career that so perfectly vindicates the fitness of the largest culture to represent the interests of the people and the meaning of the state. It is the pledge that Free Labor in America shall be no blind war on ideas, intuitions, faiths; that its protest against monopoly shall mean welcome to integral culture, to broadest disciplines, to every unity of wisdom, beauty, justice, love; that its liberties shall be constructive—endowing the whole human capacity with the natural sacredness of self-accountability and self-respect; that its religion shall be no enforced labor-creed, but the largest personal aspiration, guarded by the most perfect personal liberty to think, to deny, to believe, to aspire. To make religion thus natural, human, secular, free of interference *by* the state, yet the inspiration of all equity, humanity and progress *in* the state, is a function of the emancipation of labor. The great life that has closed would have been here, too, a tower of strength and light. Side by side with the prophets of religious liberty he has labored for the rights that prepare its way.

How strange the coincidences of death! The same hour sees the last obsequies of the most prominent endorser of the

Fugitive Slave Bill and those of the senator of Human Liberty. How slight these fortuitous relations of death beside the essential, the immortal, unities of life! In the communion of this one man's wide attractions for the best meet all the illustrious builders of our generation, living and departed, on both sides the ocean and the grave, — Mazzini and Castelar, and Bright and Cobden, and the saintly or heroic lives our own eyes have seen and our grateful hearts enshrined. Especially do I remember here that Charles Sumner and Theodore Parker were one in heart, and that their names are forever blended in the secret places of our faith in righteousness, in humanity, in God. Around this hallowed dust the saints, and prophets, and scholars, and poets, and philanthropists of Massachusetts will gather, with sorrowing children of that race for which he lived and died, to learn how holy the bond which unites them to each other, and all to the purpose shrined so long in that noble form they shall see no more. And they will take the silent vow, as one man, to make this unity a power to redeem their State to the great standard of public virtue that has gone before.

- 1) For Charles Sumner was great as a Senator of New England, with the power and love of Massachusetts at his back, and her Pilgrim conscience within him, to enforce the liberties that spring forth in the Mayflower exile's track by force of nature and power of God. How she has honored him! Twice she hastened to do him justice; when, in 1862, she suppressed the effort to unseat him for his fidelity to her principles; and again, and not too late, when she made her own record concerning him clear. His magnificent record is hers, her little leaven leavening the mighty nation. In his grand personality are incarnated her schools, her religious liberties, her practical morality, her intelligent knowledge of the rights and duties of man. It is for her living generations to remember in their stewardship of this matchless fame, their responsibility to her to whose history and purpose it

of right belongs. It is for them to see that the vacant place, where cluster her holiest traditions, shall be filled only by her purest, largest, most unimpeachable virtue, by her most honored name. May the spirit of her great Senator enter into their hearts, that she may find hands and voice to rebuke every political aspiration that cannot bear the test of this pure ideal, this self-abandonment to duty, to country, to mankind !

We go out mourning, bearing precious seed. Still tarries the dawn for which we long, and the burden presses heavily of the silent dead. But remember that this immortal spirit has not ceased, and *will not* cease to answer, as it has so long answered, our ceaseless question, "Watchman, what of the night?" And we, if we will listen, shall hear again, and yet again, that voice, as of a trumpet, saying: "Fear not ye, the morning cometh!" And new consecration shall bring consolation and victory and joy.

"For God's truth and mercy stand,
Past and present and to be,
Like the years of his right hand —
Like his own eternity."



